All.

Still my prayer toward thee quiver%
Dircf, still to thee I hie me;
Why, O Blessed among Rivers,
Wilt thou fly me and deny me?
By His own joy I vow,
By the grape upon the bough,
Thou shalt seek Him in the midnight, thou shalt love
Him, even now !

***Other** Maidens**

Dark and of the dark impassioned
Is tin's Pcnthcus* blood ; yea, fashioned
Of the Dragon, and his birth
From Echfon, child of Earth.
He is no man, but a wonder;
Did the Earth-Child not beget him,
As a red Giant, to set him
Against God, against the Thunder ?
He will hind me for his prize,
Me, the Bride of Dionyse ;
And my priest, my friend, is taken
Even now, and buried lies;
In the dark he lies forsaken I

' *All*

Lo, we race with death, we perish^
Dionysus, here before thee !
Dost thou mark us not, nor cherish,
Who implore thee, and adore thee ?
Hither down Olympus' side,
Come, O Holy One defied,
Be thy golden wand uplifted o'er the tyrant in his pride!